

IN WANT OF A NAME.

An Embarrassing Situation for Mr. and Mrs. Jack.

"Well, that's done!" and Mrs. Jack patted the crisp pillow-shams and gazed complacently around the pretty room—a guest-room that had never yet held a guest—fresh, new and dainty. The breeze stirred the frilled curtains, the late afternoon sun shone on the crenelated walls, and the soft light filtered through the young leaves of the chestnut, and faintly tinted with green the lovely "Abend" over the bed.

No wonder Mrs. Jack looked satisfied. No detail for comfort or beauty had been forgotten. She and Jack had been married only a few months; this was the finishing touch to their cozy nest, and any young housewife might have been proud of the result.

Just then Jack rushed in, bearing a letter. He stopped on the threshold.

"What? What? What?"

"Nonsense, Jack! It isn't magnificent at all—only pretty and restful. Come in, had boy, and tell me what is in that letter."

"You know Cousin Elizabeth?" asked Jack, as he settled himself in a big easy chair and pulled his little white down beside him.

"Yes, indeed, dear. You remember I saw her the summer we were engaged, and I liked her so much! Such a sweet face and gentle ways! But she seems too old to be your cousin—more like an aunt."

"Father was the youngest of an immense family, and Cousin Elizabeth's mother was the eldest. So there were many years between them; indeed, father and his niece are nearly of an age. You know she was married?"

"Yes, an old love story, wasn't it—a real romance?"

"Well, Fannie, what do you say to your new room? Isn't it christened by this ancient bridal couple on their antique honeymoon?"

"Oh, this isn't their honeymoon! They were married long before we were, and that was ages ago. Besides, they aren't so old, and I am very glad to have some of your people for our first guests. You've been such a perfect dear about this room. What does the letter say?"

He read it:

"DEAR BOY AND HIS DEAR WIFE: I have so longed to see you in your new happiness, and now comes an opportunity. I am coming to Boston on business, and I am with him. Would it be convenient for you to have us for a few days? Do not hesitate to say so if it would not. If you really do want us, Cousin Jack meet the colonel at Young's after his business hours Wednesday, and take him to your home! We will be there, and I can find my way to you easily. With dear love to both."

"P.S. I do want you to see my cousin, C.E."

"Wednesday—that's day after tomorrow," said Mrs. Jack. "I shall be so happy to have them! I'll write at once. But she gave no address! Never mind, you can assure the colonel when you meet him how pleased we are. There's the dinner bell."

That night, as Nan was taking hairpins out of her bonny brown locks, she casually remarked to Jack:

"What did you say the colonel's name was? I don't remember it."

Jack looked puzzled. "Why, didn't I tell you? Cousin Elizabeth—Jingo, I've clean forgotten that name for the moment. No matter. It will come to me in the morning."

But in the morning it was just as far away from his memory as ever.

There was such a downpour going on in the outside world that Nan insisted that Jack, who had a cold, should not go to the city, and Jack, nothing loth, settled himself for a comfortable morning by a bright open fire. Suddenly he threw down his paper.

"Nan," he said in consternation, "how shall I ever find the colonel at Young's hotel? It will never do for me to go around inquiring for the colonel who married Cousin Elizabeth!"

"Jack," cried Nan, "what a fix we are in! What ever can we do? Can't you think of the name? Bend your mind to it."

Jack bent his mind to it, meantime pacing the floor.

"It seems to me as if it were something like 'Walker,' but it isn't that."

"Perhaps it's 'Trotter,'" suggested Nan, "or 'Trotter'."

"No; it's an odder name than that, but what it is I cannot make out."

"Jack, this is awful! We never can let them know we don't remember their name. What a terrible thing! They sent him when we were married! My note of thanks went to 'Cousin Elizabeth,' through her mother. I know if I had ever written the name I should remember it. Oh, dear! and Nan looked so disconsolate that Jack had to stop his deeply perplexed thinking for awhile."

"I'll say over all the names I can think of, beginning with 'A,' and so on through the alphabet. You'll be sure to know the name when you hear it," said Nan, after awhile. "Adams, Atkinson, Atwell, etc."

But it was all of no avail. By the time Nan had come to "M," Jack's hair was in wild disorder and his tie had been pulled awry. Long before "Z" was reached he was raging up and down the floor like a caged tiger. Nan was almost hysterical.

"O Jack," she almost sobbed. "You can't find the colonel, and they'll think we didn't want them, and how can we ever explain?"

"Gracious, Nan! It's simply awful! Cousin Elizabeth is such a dear, forgetful soul, she'll never remember she didn't send us any address; but she is very sensitive, and if she gets it into her head that we didn't care about her coming, it will break her heart. Hal! I have it!" and Jack snapped his fingers and executed a jig on the hearth rug.

"What, oh, what?" cried Nan.

"Well, I'll go over to the station and telegraph to Sue for Cousin Elizabeth's married name."

"Oh, Jack, you wise boy! You are the brightest fellow in the whole world, I believe," and Nan beamed and smiled.

Jack pulled on his makintosh and plunged into the storm. Half an hour later he returned with a very dismal countenance.

"The wires are down between here and Boston," he announced. "The cable is fearful."

"They spent a dismal evening, Jack, walking the floor most of the time."

"Love!" he exclaimed, "the situation is worthy of Howells."

Then the absurdity of their predicament was borne upon him and he roared with laughter. Nan could not see the fun. It was pure tragedy to her.

her hospitable soul. The next morning matters brightened. While they were sitting at breakfast in the sunshine that had succeeded the storm, the postman brought a letter from Cousin Elizabeth. It contained but a few lines:

"Out plans are changed, dear two, and instead of meeting Jack, the colonel will wait and come with me on the eight o'clock train. With love, COUSIN ELIZABETH."

"What luck!" shouted Jack. "But," said Nan, dolefully, "we've got to call them something. I don't see that matters are mended much."

"Oh! their name will be on their baggage, and Cousin Elizabeth will have to introduce her colonel. That's all right! I saw I must be off!" With a kiss Jack was gone.

The day passed pleasantly in preparation, and when, in the evening, the guests arrived, Cousin Elizabeth thought she never saw a prettier home or a more winsome mistress.

Nan, on her part, was proud of her husband when he heartily greeted Cousin Elizabeth's portly husband with: "I am glad to see you, colonel," not betraying, by any hesitation, the deep blush that crept into his cheeks after that military title. For the baggage had revealed no name!

The lady, with sweet graciousness, had said: "You must call me 'Cousin Elizabeth,' dear," and the husband had been introduced simply as "The Colonel."

"So have I," said Nan. "We'll see who will find out first."

Soothed by the certainty, she set to work to enjoy her guests, and to her task, for she already loved Cousin Elizabeth, and no one could help liking the colonel, with his simple, hearty ways and utter devotion to his wife.

The next morning, when Nan saw the postman coming down the street, she remembered that Cousin Elizabeth had said she was expecting a letter to be forwarded, and so she rushed to meet him, eager to read the address. Just as she reached the door she was met by Cousin Elizabeth, who held up a letter.

"Only one, dear, and that for me," and away went the envelope into the little morning fire blazing on the hearth, before Nan had a glimpse of the superscription. Jack grinned.

"Folled again," he whispered in her ear as he gave his good-by kiss.

Off went Jack into the city, and from there he sent the following telegram to his wife:

"Wire at once Cousin Elizabeth's married name. At once. JACK."

After Nan had given her day's orders, arranged her flowers and settled Cousin Elizabeth on the lounge with a new book she hurried for the street.

"I've a little shopping I must do, Cousin Elizabeth. I know you will excuse me for awhile."

"Dear child!" murmured Cousin Elizabeth, as she watched the slender, graceful figure down the street.

A little later Nan came back, radiant, clasping a square package. She hurried up to her room, undid a pretty blank book bound in soft white kid, tied it up with long yellow ribbons and laid it on the little desk in the guest room. Then she went back to her company.

"Dear Colonel and Cousin Elizabeth," she said, "we are so happy to have you as our first guests. I know something was lacking in your room and it just occurred to me it was a guest book. So I went out and got one, and now I want you to write your names on the very first page."

"Bless your dear," said Cousin Elizabeth; "what a privilege to be the first of what I hope will be a long and happy list!"

In the middle of the afternoon Jack received an answer to his telegram:

"Do not remember name. He was a colonel. Father and mother in Burlington. The would know."

After lunch while the guests were dozing in the library, Nan stole into the guest-room. There on the fair first page of the new book, were the words: "Cousin Elizabeth," and beneath, in bolder writing: "The Colonel."

"It's the funniest thing I ever heard of," said Jack, after they had confided their disappointments to each other, as they were dressing for dinner.

"Funny?" exclaimed Nan. "It's fearful! It seems as if everything was in conspiracy against us. What would they say if they knew we did not even know their names?"

That evening a neighbor called. Jack muttered over the introductions as incoherently as he could, and the whole group drew up their chairs in a cozy circle. During a lull in the conversation the caller turned to Nan, and said in distinctly audible tones:

"I beg your pardon, but I did not catch the names of your guests."

Nan turned pale—the room reeled. Crash! over went a little table that was standing by Jack's elbow.

"Oh, my pet rose-bowl!" cried Nan. "How could you be so clumsy?" Then, as she and Jack stooped over to pick up the fallen stand, she whispered in his ear: "You darling! I think I should have fainted!"

In the confusion of restoring order the question was forgotten, and the neighbor went home none the wiser for his inquiry.

The guests took their departure the next morning. While they were waiting for the carriage Nan put her arms around Cousin Elizabeth and said, lovingly:

"You must leave us your address, dear. We want to write and hear from you often. You belong to us now, you know."

Cousin Elizabeth kissed the rosy cheek.

"I thought of that, and had this all ready for you." And she pressed a card into Nan's hand.

After the good-bys were said and the carriage rolled away, Nan examined the address, and Jack, looking over her shoulder, shouted with glee. The card said, simply, in the colonel's handwriting:

"928 Vine Avenue, East Adams, Mass."

That night Jack received his letter.

"You funny boy! What did you mean by that frantic letter? I wrote right to mother and have just received her reply. She says the name is Col. Abner G. Pease. What did you want to know for in such a hurry?"

"Sue."

"Well, I said it was something like Walker," said Jack. "Youth's Companion."

Larri learned to paint while a captive among the Moors. On regaining his liberty he eloped with a young lady boarder in a convent where he was employed to decorate the chapel, and was soon after poisoned by her relatives.

HOW STOUT GOT STOUT.

The Remarkable Experience of a Rheumatic Sufferer.

All But Paralyzed—Lost His Flesh and Expected to Die—How He Got Well and Strong.

[From the Mt. Sterling (Ill.) Republican.]

Few men are held in higher esteem by their fellow-townsmen than James W. Stout, of Ripley, Ill., and it is due, no doubt, partly to this point of view that the record of the case has created such widespread interest. While his experience is not without an equal, yet it has been sufficiently remarkable to demand the attention of thousands of people in Illinois, among whom are numbered some of the most eminent physicians.

In January, 1909, Mr. Stout was stricken with what was then believed to be sciatic rheumatism, and since then he has been unable to hobble around on crutches, and it seemed to his friends that his days were numbered. To-day he is a strong, hearty-looking man for 120 pounds.

How this remarkable change was wrought about is most interesting as told to a representative of the Republican by Mr. Stout himself:

"I was afflicted with sciatic rheumatism and lumbago in January, 1909. The sciatic nerve on the right side became affected in the hip, running down to the ankle and across the small of the back to the left side, and my whole system became afflicted, causing me the most excruciating pain. In a very short time I became totally unable to attend to any business whatever, and the disease rapidly gained upon me. I resorted to my bed, where I lay suffering almost continuously for months the most agonizing torture, scarcely being able to move or be moved. At one time I lay for six weeks flat on my back, the sciatic nerve being so much inflamed as almost to throw me into convulsions. I cannot begin to express to you the intense pain I suffered. I was drawn, by the severest of the malady, over to the left side; lost my appetite, had no desire for food, and what little I did eat I could not digest, the digestive organs failing to perform their duty, adding greatly to my already precarious condition. I was unable to eat or sleep, suffering all the time most intensely and at times fearing I would lose my reason, and would have welcomed death to relieve me of my sufferings."

"I consulted with local physicians and some of the most eminent specialists of the larger cities throughout the country, some treating me for one thing and some for another, but without effect, and I received no relief whatever. One physician told me I had double curvature of the spine and would eventually become paralyzed. I spent hundreds of dollars in the shortest time, but was afflicted without receiving the least benefit. My friends all thought that there was no hope for me whatever and said that I must die, when, in September, 1909, about eight months after I was first afflicted, my attention was called to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Without much hope, I at once sent to C. F. Rice & Co., Druggists, Mt. Sterling, Ill., for a box of the pills, and immediately began taking them. Before long I became aware of a great change for the better in my almost hopeless condition. My appetite came back, and I continued the treatment and in a short time was able to be about on crutches. My recovery from that time on was rapid and assured. My right leg, which before I commenced this treatment, was numb and dead, now experienced a prickling feeling, and I was enabled to throw away my crutches and walk a better man than many of my fellows. When first taken by the disease I weighed 160 pounds, was reduced to 115; I now weigh 120, more than I ever weighed at any time in my life. Yes, I am now recovered entirely to Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are an invaluable remedy for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, neuritis, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after-effects of a gripple, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion and all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by mail order to J. C. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

SENTIMENT IN VERSE.

A Leading Question.

There'll come a time, we know not when—No dogs will have the rabies; And all the world will bring forth men: But—where will they bring forth men?

—Atlanta Constitution.

Will Thou Be Long?

Will thou be long? The workday day is o'er; The wind crosses softly to the sleeping sea; At the old shore, upon the lonely shore.

I wait for thee.

Home to his nest the swift gull glides winging; Through the still dusk I hear the sailors' song; Night to the weary rest from toil is bringing—Will thou be long?

Will thou be long? The darkness gathers fast; The daisies fold their fringes on the sea; Time is no fleeting, and youth will not last—Oh, come to me!

In the clear west a silver star is burning; And mid the stars my bosom burns; With anxious heart I watch for thy return—Will thou be long?

—E. Matheson, in Chambers' Journal.

Who Could Blame Her?

Pette and fair, with golden hair; Of nature's loveliest dye—She looked divine while in the brine, To her own standing by.

But suddenly she gave a scream. And he a mighty groan. He dragged her to the shining sands, Upon her feet a crab!

The green crustacean sidled off And vanished in the sea; "I cannot harm it, dear," he said, "Because it seems like me."

You charmed it by your charming me—Oh, please to understand. I sought possession of your foot—I ask you for your hand.

Then with a wealth of tenderness She raised her eyes and whispered: "Yes!" —N. Y. Recorder.

The Little White Maid.

"My kitties!" and the wee maid pressed This hair-sun-kissed hair to his breast, "See, this one is as black as jet, And this light-gray is prettier yet."

"The dearest and the prettiest!" "The little white one—died!"

Ah, how many a cherished nest Of human hopes and plans, Ambitions, friendships, loves, delights, The dearest dream of days and nights, The brightest and the preciouslest, Of woman's life or man's.

Some watching soul has missed the best—Some grieving heart has cried O'er and o'er, and said: "Alas! Alas! The little white one—died!"

—Elizabeth Akers, in Youth's Companion.

The Happiest Heart.

Who drives the horses of the sun Shall loiter but a day; Better the lowly deed were done, And kept the humble way.

The rust will find the sword of fame; The dust will hide the crown; Ah, none shall nail so high his name Time will not tear it down.

The happiest heart that ever beat Was in some quiet breast That found the common day sweet And left to heaven the rest.

—John V. Cheney, in Harper's Magazine.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Van Quille—"Do you know, I have a perfect passion for poetry?" Miss Bacon—"Unrequited, isn't it?" Kate Fields' Washington.

"Call him a veteran joke writer? Why, he is not more than 30 years old." "That is not his jokes and veterans all the same."—Indianapolis Journal.

—The Reason—"Bridge—"Soy, Pat, fer why is it they call this our tin wedding?" Pat—"Faith an' it's because we've been married tin years."—Arkansas Traveler.

"I don't believe you think half as much of me as Tom Dinsley does. He tells me he could die for me." He—"That's nothing. I love you well enough to live with you."—Boston Transcript.

—Hubby—"Well, I guess I'll have a shave." Wife—"Wait till Willie leaves the room. It is so hard to break him out of his work, when once he gets started on them."—N. Y. Herald.

—Miss Pyrite—"What makes you such a confirmed woman-hater, Mr. Olebach?" Mr. Olebach—"Well, when I was a young man a woman made a fool of me." Miss Pyrite—"And you never got over it."—Tribune.

—An Antiquary Discovery.—Inventor or town treasurer—"I have a splendid patent I'd like to sell you. It's for keeping down a surplus." Town treasurer—"Pooh! We discovered that long ago."—Brooklyn Eagle.

"Are you a district messenger boy?" asked the near-sighted old pedagogue of a young man on the street. "No, sir," was the reply; "it's my sore toe that makes me walk that way."—Washington Star.

"Squidgie"—Didn't Timberwheel feel cheap when Miss Frisky sued him for breach of promise? McSwiggan—"Cheep! Well, I guess he got started on them."—N. Y. Herald.

—Gent—"Where were you employed last?" Man-servant—"At a writing-master's." Gent—"What were you required to do?" Man-servant—"I had to keep shaking the table when a new pen was introduced on the street." "No, sir," was the reply; "it's my sore toe that makes me walk that way."—Washington Star.

—Rules of Refinement.—Mrs. De Style—"Don't wear that dress. A soiled or faded silk is the acme of vulgarity." Daughter—"Then what shall I wear?" Mrs. De Style—"Wear your new dress with that old yellow lace which we found in your grandmother's ash-tray."

—Contributor—"I have here an article on 'What Poets Have Said of the Moon.'" Editor—"That would interest me one; but if you can give me an authentic account of what the moon has said about the poets during the past few thousands of years, I would willingly pay you double rates for it."—Tribune.

—Mrs. Muchesh—"It's perfectly absurd, I think." Mr. Muchesh—"What is?" Mrs. Muchesh—"Why, that George's Sanchez told me to look in the Old Testament for his lesson." Mr. Muchesh—"What of that?" Mrs. Muchesh—"Well, we haven't one in the house that we have had over three months."—Inter Ocean.

DANGERS OF A SCRATCH.

An Excellent Preventative of Evil Consequences.

Scarcely a day passes that many persons do not, in some way or other, get a scratch, a small cut or a bruise that may break the skin. In most instances the slightest attention is paid to it, and beyond the temporary annoyance of the pain and the possible irritation when the hands are put into water or some subsequent blow in the same spot brings an exclamation on account of the hurt. This, while a common practice, is by no means a wise one.

The air is full of floating disease germs, especially the air of cities and towns, and an injury of this sort, be it ever so slight, might furnish excellent breeding ground for some deadly bacteria. It is a good plan always to keep a bottle of prepared carbolic acid and glycerine and frequently touch all bruises or sore spots with it. This is one of the most convenient and effective germicides imaginable. It is said by excellent medical authority that either this preparation or Isterine would prevent half of the contagious diseases that afflict the country. It is believed that many cases of fever and other serious ailments are contracted by the floating germs coming in contact with the abraded skin. Once snugly lodged in this most congenial dwelling-place, the germ multiplies with amazing rapidity and soon overruns the entire system. Therefore, whenever there is a bruise or scratch or an injury of this sort, get the antiseptic applied at once, and resort to it. Some physicians recommend the use of court-plaster, but this is rank poison to so many people that its general use can scarcely be commended.

—N. Y. Ledger.

Stringing Nardwaks.

With nardwaks "stringing" is a most favorite trick, and tried by the harpooners when at all possible. It is intended that the harpoon should pass clean through the first skip and into the surface of the water, and so into the second. It is necessary that the boat should be much nearer than in the case of harpooning one, and a considerable distance between the animals may be allowed, provided always that the line is a direct one. This, then, is what we are about to attempt. We have been paddling with breathless care, and scarce twenty yards now separates us, Davidson sights steadily, and suddenly there is a long report, causing a place of loose snow to break off from the floe and tumble into the sea. At the same moment two nardwaks spring into the air, and fall back with a single splash. The stringing is a success. Up goes a ringing cheer that skips over the sea and flings itself from point to point of the ice floe in waves of sound. Away flies the line over the bow; but the next minute the strain ceases, and the line comes to the surface dead.—All the Year Round.

A Pretty Snake.

Our common ringlet snake comes as near being a beauty as any reptile can be. He is three or four feet long, brownish gray in color, with a tinge of green, also yellow markings upon the neck and rows of black spots down the back and sides. These are generally found in marshy places. Frogs are their favorite diet, but they are satisfied with mice, small birds or lizards, and always swallow their prey whole. Catching it first between their teeth, which are in double rows upon each jaw, the snake first brings his victim to a suitable position, head first, then leaving the lower set of teeth fixed, he advances the upper jaw, fixes its teeth into the skin and leaves them there, while he moves forward the lower jaw, and so continues until the bird or frog is worked into his throat. It is then swallowed by the agency of the other muscles.—St. Louis Republic.

—Prof. Samuel Calvin, of Iowa, in his presidential address before the geological section of the American association showed that there is an abundance of chalk in the Niobrara Cretaceous of Iowa and further west. American geologists had been very backward in recognizing the existence of this material in this country, and his observations showed no lack of the material. It is made up from the remains of microscopic foraminifera and coccoliths. Textularia and Globigerina are the predominating forms. A difference in the species found near Sioux City and further east is explained by the supposition of the increasing shallowness of the ancient ocean in passing easterly.

—Basceno said it was impossible to paint the foot of a human being so as to make them look well in a picture, so he never painted the feet of his figures. In outdoor scenes drapery, glass, flowers and the like were utilized to conceal them in interiors pots, pans, tables and other objects were employed for the same purpose.

Come Out of Business.

A most important branch of business in the human mechanism is that transacted by the kidneys. If your kidneys have gone out of business, look out! Soon they will become diseased, unless they resume the payment of their bills. Use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters at the start and all will be well. Employ it, too, for malaria and dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, liver complaint and feebleness.

At 230 a. m.—Mrs. Green—"A woman and a marriage to find him out." Mr. Green—"Then she finds him out a good deal, doesn't she?"—Detroit Free Press.

Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

Dr. Embree—"Years ago the doctors used to bleed their patients for about everything they had." "The practice doesn't change much, does it?"—Truth.

How My Throat Hurts.—Why don't you use Hall's Honey of Horehound and Tar? Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 1, 1901.

CATTLE—Native Steers..... 4 1/2 to 5 1/2
HOGS—Medium..... 4 1/2 to 5 1/2
PORK—New York..... 14 1/2 to 15 1/2

ST. LOUIS

CATTLE—Shipping..... 4 1/2 to 5 1/2
HOGS—Medium..... 4 1/2 to 5 1/2
PORK—New York..... 14 1/2 to 15 1/2

CHICAGO

CATTLE—Shipping..... 4 1/2 to 5 1/2
HOGS—Medium..... 4 1/2 to 5 1/2
PORK—New York..... 14 1/2 to 15 1/2

MINNEAPOLIS

CATTLE—Shipping..... 4 1/2 to 5 1/2
HOGS—Medium..... 4 1/2 to 5 1/2
PORK—New York..... 14 1/2 to 15 1/2

PORTLAND

CATTLE—Shipping..... 4 1/2 to 5 1